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OCTOBER 1988

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Turn to Page 11
for 'STORY OF
BUDDHA'.



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PARRYS



HELLO FRIENDS

From now you can all be a part of the Parris fun world! This issue, my little helpers Coffy Bite, Caramilk and Try Me and I have an exciting new game for you to make and then play with all your friends. We'll also tell you how to surprise Daddy with a lovely bookmark. And there's the funny stuff that Caramilk and Try Me love telling you! So go ahead and have lots of fun.

IMPROVE YOUR AIM!

Take a large white sheet of paper (or 1 page of a newspaper). Draw a target (as shown in fig. 1).

The target must have 4 circles. With a compass and pencil first draw the bull's-eye, that is the centre circle. This should be the size of a rubber ball. From the centre of this circle make circles 2, 3 and 4 giving circle 2 a radius of 4 inches. Give circle 3 a radius of 6 inches. Give circle 4 a radius of 8 inches. Colour the circles in different colours with paint or crayons. Now

number the circles. Bull's-eye (centre circle) = 20. Circle 2 = 15. Circle 3 = 10. Circle 4 = 5. Get hold of one or more small rubber balls and you're ready to play!



PARRYS — SWEETS AND BISCUITS





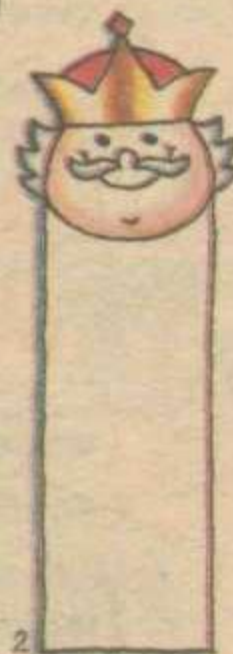
PAGE

Stick the target up on a wall. Now stand back at a distance of about 8 — 10 ft. from the target and throw the ball at it, aiming for the maximum number of points. You can play alone or with as many friends as you like. Each player gets 3 throws a turn and whoever reaches the score of 100 first, wins the game.



HAIR-RAISING FUN!

An Indian named Masurija has the world's longest moustache — 259 cm long (that's longer than the tallest men in the world!) which took him 13 years to grow



A BOOKMARK FOR DADDY!

Draw out this picture (Fig.2) on a paper. Colour it. Then stick it on thicker paper and cut it to shape. If you have a spare picture of yourself, you can cut it to shape and do exactly the same thing. Now put it in a book or magazine. What a surprise for Daddy when he opens the book.!

CAT NEWS!

There were 10 cats on a boat. One fell out. How many remain?
Ans: None. They were all COPYCATS!



HTA 7047

EVERYONE

LOVES.

THE KING OF SWEETS

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* **TALES OF TENALI RAMA** : The jester whose wit and words have continued to

tickle the people for centuries—through pictures.

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GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

जातस्य नदीतीरे तस्यापि तुणस्य जन्मसाफल्यम्
यत् सलिलमज्जनाकुलजनहस्तालम्बनं भवति

*Jatasya naditire tasyāpi tṛṇasya janmasafalyam
Yat salilamajjanakulajanahastālabhanam bhavati*

Even the existence of a grass on the river-bank can become significant if by holding on to it a drowning man can be saved.

— The Panchatantram

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CHAKRAPANI

SPIRIT OF THE FESTIVAL

October is the time for Dusserah or the Navarathri festival. Although this is a Hindu festival, there are records to show that not only in big cities, but also in the remote villages of India people of all communities rejoiced in it.

As time passes, we should be more and more catholic and tolerant in our outlook. The spirit of any festival, whatever be its origin should be a spirit of fraternity. It is a time to be happy and to make others happy. Let us keep alive this precious spirit—today and forever.

Thoughts to be Treasured

The bomb-throwers have discredited the cause of freedom, in whose name they threw the bombs.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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NEWS FLASH



THE SMALLEST MONKEYS

The Nandan Kanan Zoo near Bhubaneswar, famous for its white tigers, has now acquired from the U.S. two Marmosat monkeys which grow maximum to a size of six inches.

THE OLDEST LIVING COUPLE

Ilias Zafarov, aged 122 and his wife Khatian, aged 118, living near Baku (U.S.S.R.) celebrated their one hundred third wedding anniversary in September amidst cheers by 200 of their children, grand-children, great-grand children and great-great-grand children.



UNITED IN A CRISIS

A herd of wild elephants, poisonous snakes, a Royal Bengal tiger rested peacefully together during the flood in Assam in September near the relief camp at Sonitpur. They even did not disturb in any way the human beings who were nearby.

WHAT FLEW OVER TEL AVIV?

Two Unidentified Flying Objects, radiating an orange hue, flew over Tel Aviv, seen by thousands of residents. Scientists have not been able to say what they were.



The first encounter with photography,
a hundred years ago.



A picture one hundred years old From the collection of Lala Deen Dayal, Hyderabad.



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and Bromide Papers





STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

(Apprehensive that his son Siddhartha might renounce the world, King Suddhodhana did everything to keep him always in a joyful atmosphere. That, of course, could not check the prince from often slipping into a meditative mood.)

THE PRINCE SURPRISES ALL

"My lord, you have given our son three beautiful palaces. Is it not time you thought of a beautiful wife for him?" observed the younger queen, Mahaprajapati, who had brought up Prince Siddhartha, for the elder queen, Mayadevi, had died soon after the birth of the prince.

"What you have said is true. In fact, I was going to ask you about the daughter of Suppa-buddha. I am told that none among the young girls of noble families can match her in beauty and modesty," observed the king.

"What you've heard, O king, is only a partial truth, for I can





assure you that Princess Yasodhara is an incomparable beauty not only in comparison with the girls of noble families, but also of all the families," said the queen. "But..." she stopped.

"What then is there to hesitate about it? Suppabuddha belongs to our Sakya clan. He is a friend of mine and a good man too!" said the king.

"It is so, my lord, but although he rules a small kingdom, his dynasty follows the tradition of Swayamvara. They will invite a number of princes. There will be a contest among them in martial arts and, natu-

rally, one to excel in everything will be the choice of the princess!" informed the queen.

That threw the king into a very sad mood. He knew that his son was a gem among the princes. But the people in general recognise merit only through external proofs. How much value would Suppabuddha and Princess Yasodhara set on the virtues of Siddhartha—his compassion, his innocence, and his wisdom and his dedication to truth? Their choice would naturally fall on an expert at warfare, a man of physical strength and stamina. And Siddhartha hardly knows any martial art; it is only seldom that he has touched any weapon! And when he has, it is more out of an idle curiosity than any real interest.

The king remained thoughtful and gloomy for days together.

"Father, this morning I entered the eastern wing of our old palace and found something really magnificent lying there—a bow without a string. Can I handle it?" one morning Prince Siddhartha asked his father.

The king was surprised, for the prince had never taken a fancy for any weapon. He said,

"My son, we have excellent bows in our armoury. You can try any of them. The one you saw today is a bow only in appearance. It has remained with us as a family heirloom and as a status symbol, not for use!"

"Why not?" asked the prince.

"Nobody can even adequately bend it to tie a string to both its ends, what to speak of using it," said the king. "Once when, to satisfy my curiosity, I wanted to see it strung, I had to employ a thousand hands for the purpose!" he added.

"But, father, I will like to see whether or not I can tie a string to it," said Siddhartha in a

composed but firm voice.

The king did not wish to stand in the way of the prince fulfilling his innocent whim. After all, everybody knew about the formidable bow and nobody would expect him to handle it.

Lo and behold, before a hundred courtiers, the prince bent the gigantic bow and tied a string to it! At first stunned, the courtiers broke into a wild applause.

The king could not contain his tears of joy. He understood that the prince had come to know why he had been pensive. This was the way in which the prince assured him that if there was a



contest in strength or martial skill, he will be able to take up the challenge.

Soon thereafter emissaries of Suppabuddha met the king, inviting Prince Siddhartha to participate in the Swayamvara of Princess Yasodhara.

Prince Siddhartha proceeded to Suppabuddha's castle. Among the participants was his cousin Devdutt who was always envious of him. Hefty and tall, Devdutt devoted most of his time to the practice of riding, archery, fencing and other martial arts. He was a terror to other princes, because he bullied them.

The first item in the contest

was a riding race. Only Devdutt and Siddhartha remained for the last round of the race. All the others fell back. After some exciting moments, Siddhartha left Devdutt behind him and was declared successful.

Then came the archery. A plank on a distant pole bore a dark dot. That was to be the target of the archers. While most of the contestants hit the plank all right and some even touched the dot, it was Devdutt's arrow which hit the dot at its centre. But Siddhartha's arrow split Devdutt's arrow into two and remained stuck to the dot. A second arrow from him split his own first arrow and a



third arrow did the same to the second arrow.

It was a stunning demonstration of the art of archery. How could Siddhartha do this? True, he had hardly practised archery as Prince Siddhartha, but he had the vivid memory of such practices of his previous lives. As Bodhisattva, he had come through many kinds of experiences extending back to many lives. He remembered the experiences when necessary. At other times they lay forgotten in his memory. Besides, he had a great mastery over his mind. When he wished to concentrate on a thing, he could do it to the exclusion of everything else.

The process was repeated in almost every other item of the contest. The two princes of Kapilavastu excelled the rest, but at last it was Prince Siddhar-

tha who was at the top.

Devdutt tried to trip or trick Siddhartha every time, but did not succeed. At last, exhausted and humiliated, he conceded defeat and sat down amidst the other princes, gasping for breath.

Conch-shells were blown and bugles were sounded. The Princess Yasodhara, escorted by her maids, emerged from the castle. In soft steps she advanced towards Prince Siddhartha and stood near him blushing. Siddhartha bent his head and she garlanded him. The assembly of princes, courtiers and commoners hailed her action with clapping of hands and cheers.

The marriage was solemnised through regular rituals. Prince Siddhartha returned to Kapilavastu with his lovely bride.

—To Continue



A DIALOGUE BEFORE A SHOP

In the village of Gopalpur lived a young man named Shantaram. He was one of those rare people who thirsted for true knowledge.

In the village lived an old teacher named Rakhal Das. Shantaram often sat with him for a study of ancient religious books. The old teacher taught him whatever he could.

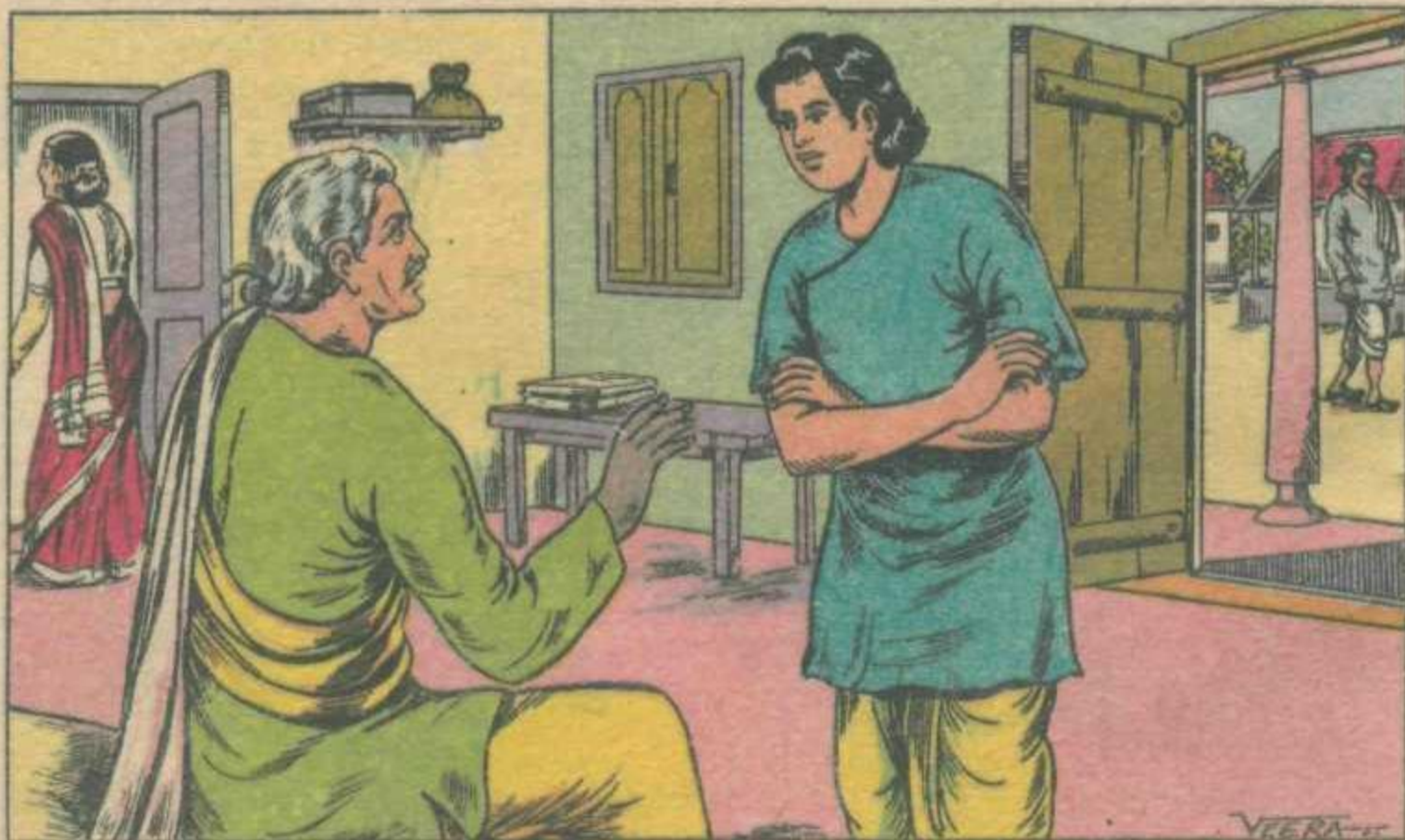
"My son, you have learnt enough from the books. If you want to make true progress, you should remain with a sage and serve him. Association with a spiritually enlightened man will

bring you great benefit," one day Rakhal Das told Shantaram.

"Do you know of any sage?" asked the young man.

"Yes. I suggest that you go to Vishnupur and remain in the hermitage of Krishnadev. We were friends in our childhood. He went away to the Himalaya. He returned to Vishnupur after many years and now lives there. He is a sage."

Shantaram decided to live in Krishnadev's hermitage for two or three days, to begin with. He desired to find out how holy the



sage was.

The sage received the young man with affection. Shantaram began to observe the routine of the sage. He found nothing unusual in his conduct. He ate and slept like an ordinary man and laboured in the fields for raising a crop. In the evenings the villagers met him to discuss their problems with him. He gave them his advice.

"Sir, I am returning to my village," Shantaram told the sage on the third day.

"Hope, you enjoyed your stay. Ask my friend Rakhal Das to pay a visit to me whenever it is convenient for him," said the sage.

"Any advice for me?" asked Shantaram out of courtesy.

The sage looked into his eyes for a moment. "As you will pass through the village, you will find a sweetmeat shop. Just stand there for a moment and listen to the conversations of the customers," said the sage.

The advice sounded quite queer to Shantaram. Nevertheless, he stood in front of the shop. Sweetmeats made of sugar-candy, some designed to look like elephants, some like camels, some like crocodiles, some like deer and some like serpents were arrayed on the racks in the shop.

"Mother, I will eat an



elephant!" said a little boy.

"No, my child, that is too big for you. Better you eat a crocodile. You know, you have to visit your uncle's house today. You will eat sweets there too!" said the mother.

Shantaram felt that to tarry there any longer was of no use. He went away.

"To be frank, I was not impressed by the sage. He lives the life of an ordinary man!" Shantaram reported to Rakhal Das, the old teacher.

But the old teacher questioned him repeatedly and learnt of the sage's last advice and the dialogue between the mother and the child overheard by Shantaram.

"Shantaram! You have not been wise in your estimation of the sage. He knew this and that is why he made you hear the dialogue," Rakhal Das ob-

served.

"What does the dialogue mean?"

"The mother and son talked of elephants and crocodiles. But they saw neither elephants nor crocodiles in those sweetmeats. They saw only sweetmeats—only sugar-candy," said the teacher.

"So what?"

"Similarly, the sage remains busy in cultivation, discussion and other usual things. But he sees Brahma, the Divine, in everything. He is not concerned with the appearance of things. For him, all works, big or small, come from God. All he does, he does as an offering to God."

Shantaram went back to the sage. Soon he felt the serenity and the spiritual wisdom in which the sage was rich. He became his disciple and in due course became a sage himself.



**FIRE-ACCIDENTS : AVOID THEM BY
ALL MEANS**

by Dr. R. Jagannath

When Uncle Ram arrived to resume the first aid class for Kumud and Vinod, Kumud was ready with her question: "Uncle, can you tell us what we can do when someone gets burnt in a fire or with hot water?"

Uncle Ram said, "I shall first tell you something about preventing or dealing with a fire-accident, which I think is more important. Let me start with a little incident that took place sometime back.

"At the mountaineering insti-

tute where I was working, we were running an adventure course for a group of deaf children between ten and fifteen years of age. This was an adventure for us the staff members too, since this was the first time we were offering such a course to disabled children. In fact we started learning how to communicate with them by sign language, only after the children arrived. Among the students, there was one little boy named Sushil, who was very helpful to





us in our efforts to communicate with them, for he could speak, though in a defective manner. He endeared himself to all of us, since the difficulty in his speech did not deter him from speaking very effectively, aided by his lively expressions and gestures.

"We had taken the children for an outdoor life in the mountains and later to the tiger sanctuary at the Jim Corbett National Park. We were returning to Dehradun from where the children had come, and on the way we had camped overnight near a stream. There was a campfire and the children were sitting around it, doing a mimicry of

the staff members in good fun. Since the course was over, some of the children including Sushil were wearing trousers. I suppose Sushil's terylene trousers must have been heated up and he was not aware of it in the cold weather; a spark from the fire might have fallen on his trousers. All we knew was that he suddenly jumped up crying, with his trousers in flames. The poor child panicked and at first kept flinging his leg and before any of the staff could reach him, started running away. Fortunately one of the instructors quickly reached him, wrapped his shawl around Sushil's legs and smothered the flames with it. Though Sushil did sustain fairly severe burns, his condition was not serious."

Uncle Ram paused to ask Kumud and Vinod, "What do you think Sushil should have done in the circumstances?"

"If he wanted to sit near the fire wearing terylene trousers, he should have kept a safe distance from the fire and remained watchful," said Kumud.

"Yes," agreed Uncle Ram. "Prevention is always better than cure. Most fire-accidents can be prevented by being cau-

tious."

Vinod said, "Sushil should not have run about when his trousers caught fire."

"You are right," said Uncle Ram. "The standing position makes the flames spread upwards and running about makes it worse by fanning the flames. When someone's clothes catch fire, you must put the victim down on the ground and look for a thick piece of cloth such as a blanket, bedcover or a shawl with which the flame can be wrapped and smothered; or you may pour water on the fire and put it out. If nothing is nearby, the victim may be rolled on the

ground in order to smother the flames."

Vinod asked, "Are burns always dangerous, Uncle?"

"That depends on two things. First, how superficial or deep the burns are—the deeper the burns, the more the damage to the affected part and to some extent danger to the whole person. But in deciding how serious the burns are, what is more important is the extent of the surface area of the body which has been burnt. There is a pouring out of fluids and proteins from the blood-vessels in the burnt areas, leading to blisters and swelling. If a large surface



area is burnt, much fluids are thus lost from the blood and the person would be in a serious condition. Also the risk of infection is much more."

Kumud asked, "Is there anything we can do when a person has got burnt, Uncle?"

Uncle Ram replied, "If it is a minor burn with a very small area burnt superficially, it may be just cleaned and dressed like any wound. If there is a blister on such a small burn, it may be drained with a pin heated in a flame till it is red-hot, and then dried and dressed. If sterile dressings are not available, it is better to leave the blister as it is. When the burns are more extensive, the victim needs immediate attention at a hospital, and should be transported without delay. Meanwhile, in order to

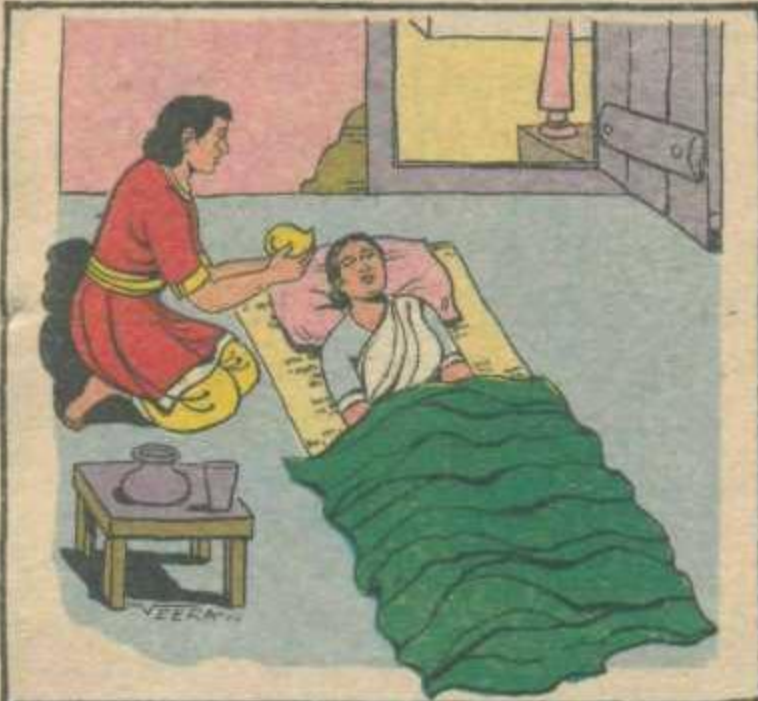
protect the burnt area from dust, cover it with sterile gauze or any clean thin piece of cloth; and *do not* try to prick or drain the blisters or apply any ointment. If the victim is wearing a ring, bracelet, watch, belt or shoes, which may later become too tight due to swelling from the burns, these should be removed.

"If the burns were caused by some chemicals such as acids, the part should be at once washed thoroughly in plenty of water and then treated like any burn," Uncle Ram concluded.

"Thanks Uncle," said Kumud, "for teaching us so much about burns and telling us what we should and should not do when we come across someone in a fire-accident."



FOR SAKE OF THE DEAR DEPARTED



In the city lived a poor young man. His mother, on her death-bed, had desired to eat a mango. But by the time the young man managed to get one, she had been dead.

"My mother died before her last wish was fulfilled. What should I do?" the young man asked a priest, ignorant of the fact that he was a greedy man.



The young man sold his land and property to satisfy the priests, all kinsmen of the greedy one. He then became a beggar.



"It is a serious matter. Your mother's spirit will be tormented unless you give some gold mangoes to five pious priests like myself," said the priest.



Tenali Rama heard this. Some days later his own mother died. He asked the five priests if they would care to receive from him what his mother wanted but could not get before her death.



The priests were very happy. But as soon as they came, Tenali Rama's servant locked the door. Tenali Rama said, "My mother, suffering from acute back pain, wished to be branded with a hot iron rod on her back."

"So what?" asked the panicky priests. "Don't worry, I will brand your backs not with iron, but with a hot gold-stick!" answered Tenali Rama. The priests pounded on the door to escape, but it was locked.



Tenali Rama did this at a time when the king used to go for a stroll. The king heard the shrieks and became curious. Tenali Rama told him all. He let the greedy priests go with a warning but resettled the poor young man who had lost everything.



A DIFFERENT LESSON

Ravindra Bhatt of Devgiri had two sons. The elder one looked after the family lands. But the younger one, Suman aspired to become a scholar.

His father and elder brother had no objection to his continuing his studies at their native town, Devgiri. But Suman was keen on enrolling himself as a student of Padmanabh Acharya of Bhubaneswar.

One day, without disclosing his plan to anybody he set out for Bhubaneswar. He walked on and on. He spent his first night in a temple. The priest gave him some food. But he had nothing to eat the next day. Naturally, while passing through a village on the third day, he swooned away on the road, unable to bear hunger and heat any longer.

Luckily for him an old man

saw him. He came running to him and sprinkled water on his face. He came to senses.

The old man led him to his house and gave him food and made him take rest. In the afternoon the grateful Suman told him why he was heading for Bhubaneswar.

"Is it to enroll yourself as Acharya's student that you are taking such pains? Don't you know that Acharya has retired from the academy at Bhubaneswar?" asked the old man.

"No, sir, I did not know this!" said Suman in deep disappointment.

"Well, my boy, he is now leading a quiet life in his own village. He has left the work of teaching," said the old man.

Suman wept at the news. "Why then did I leave home? What should I do now?" he



asked himself.

The old man took pity on him. He was none other than Acharya himself. He agreed to take Suman as his student.

Great was Suman's joy. He lived in Acharya's house. Acharya taught him with great affection and he learnt with great devotion. He learnt in two and half years what an average student would have taken five years to learn.

One day Acharya told him, "My son, so far you have learnt your lessons along a certain line. Now I want you to muster some different kind of knowledge."

"I will learn with love whatever

er you teach me," said Suman.

"My son, what I want you to learn can be imparted to you by a friend of mine who lives in the forest. He is a Chieftain of the Bhils. He will teach you the art of burglary and robbery!" said Acharya.

Suman got the shock of his life. "Art of burglary and robbery? But, sir, why should I learn that?" he asked.

Acharya laughed. "Not to practise burglary and robbery, but to be able to detect such cases and to catch the culprits. If you combine that practical knowledge with the knowledge you already have, you can become a minister of the king," explained the wise teacher.

Suman did not raise any more questions. He met the Bhil chieftain and spent a year with him learning the art at which he was adept. Thereafter, with a letter of recommendation from the Acharya, he began his journey to meet the king.

He was nearing the capital when he felt thirsty. He knocked on the door of a villager. A gentleman of noble bearing opened the door. While serving Suman with water, the nobleman observed him and understood that he was a cultured and

educated young man.

The nobleman called Suman inside his house and engaged him in a conversation. Suman said, "I dared to knock on your door because I knew that you were not resting. Three soldiers had met you a few minutes ago."

"Did you see the soldiers?" asked the nobleman.

"No," answered Suman.

"How then did you know that three soldiers had visited my house?"

"Well, I saw three pairs of footprints on the sands outside your house. The footprints showed that the three men had walked in a harmonious way, like ones who march together. Only soldiers walk like that," replied Suman.

The nobleman was amazed at Suman's power of observation. He told him, "Young man, can you help us in solving a mystery? Today the queen had visited the shrine that stands at the entrance of our village. The diamond locket of her necklace fell down somewhere inside or around the temple. The queen realised her loss after reaching the palace. She sent her maids for it, but it is nowhere to be



found."

"Wait," said Suman and he went out. He visited the temple and then followed a certain track and reached the house of a goldsmith. He met the goldsmith and enquired of him the latest price of gold and came back to the nobleman.

"Arrange to search the goldsmith's house. There is chance of your recovering the locket," he said.

"But his house has already been searched," said the nobleman.

"Let it be searched in my presence," proposed Suman.

The nobleman sent word to



the police chief. A party of policemen was led by Suman. On entering the goldsmith's house, Suman looked here and there and found a sack filled with coal. He searched the sack. The locket was found in it.

The news of Suman's successful detection reached the king's ears. He summoned Suman and asked him how he did it.

"Your Majesty," said Suman, "chance played a big role in it. Before reaching the nobleman's house, I had sat down for a while near the temple. I overheard somebody asking the seller of coal, 'Does your coal contain gold. Why did the goldsmith suddenly decide to buy a sackful of coal and carry it home himself? I had never seen him doing anything like that!' When I heard this I had been slightly curious. But I had forgotten all

about it. Then I heard about the disappearance of the diamond locket. I began to wonder, why did the goldsmith decide to buy a sackful of the coal and carry it himself. Could it be that he had picked up the diamond locket and had decided to hide it in the coal?

"I went out and marked the coal dust strewn along the road and reached the goldsmith's house. A man who is not a seasoned thief will always show fear and tension. I marked these signs on the goldsmith's face. I had a feeling that the locket still lay hidden in the sack. Luckily we found it."

The king was delighted to hear this. Then Suman handed over to him the letter written by his teacher. The king at once appointed him as one of his ministers.





MIND YOUR WORDS

In the village of Gopalpur lived Jay and his wife Lakshmi. We don't know how much intelligent Jay himself was, but it was his great desire to have a wife who was intelligent.

Unfortunately for him, Lakshmi was a simple-hearted woman. She believed everything she heard. She was also kind to all. Jay was not at all happy with such traits of Lakshmi. For him these were grave faults and he was never tired of taking her to task for such faults. By and by he developed the habit of rebuking her for every little slip of hers or for what he considered to be slips.

The neighbours became sad to see the innocent Lakshmi silently suffering her husband's rudeness. Once or twice some of the neighbours tried to make Jay conscious of his injustice. But far from appreciating their

intervention, Jay became rude to them. So, they kept aloof.

One day Jay came back from his shop and told Lakshmi, "Finish cooking quickly. A pundit will explain scriptures in front of the temple. I wish to attend the programme. Do you hear me, you deaf girl?"

"It is all right. Your food will be ready before sunset," said Lakshmi.

"All right? It seems you have grown quite smart at talking, you burnt-faced lady!"

Lakshmi said nothing. Jay left for his shop.

Soon after the sunset Jay returned home. "Lakshmi!" he called out, but received no response. He looked for her here and there and at last found her near the well at the backyard of the house. She stood near the well and was splashing water on her face.



"You burnt-faced woman, what are you doing there? Is your cooking over?" he asked angrily.

"I haven't even begun cooking. I don't know why, but since you left I am having a terrible burning sensation all over my face. It does not go despite my washing my face time and again. If this continues, I shall die, I'm afraid."

Jay knew very well that Lakshmi never feigned suffering nor did she ever utter lies. She may be a simpleton, but she managed the household well. If the villagers did not mind Jay's rudeness, it is because of their affection for Lakshmi. What

will happen to him if she dies? Jay was quite upset.

"Let us go to the physician," he said and at once he led Lakshmi out of his house. They happened to pass by the temple. The pundit was then telling his audience, "Goddess Saraswati has endowed us with the power of speech. She has been kind to us. It is for us to see that we do not abuse the power. We should never utter harsh words against the innocent. Rude speech only proves our ego and arrogance. There is another reason for which we should not speak unkind words. There are many kinds of supernatural powers in the atmosphere. There are some gods who are in the habit of granting anything one asks. If you speak ill, that too will become true. That may cause much inconvenience to yourself."

Jay got a jolt. However, he did not tarry to hear the pundit.

The physician was eating his dinner when Jay and Lakshmi reached his house. His servant asked them to wait in the verandah. Half an hour passed. Lakshmi was writhing in pain. Jay asked the servant, "Hasn't the physician done with his food

even now?"

"Have patience, man, my master has already finished with the bread and the vegetables. Now he is having his rice and milk," explained the servant.

After yet another fifteen minutes, Jay asked again, "Has he finished with his dinner?"

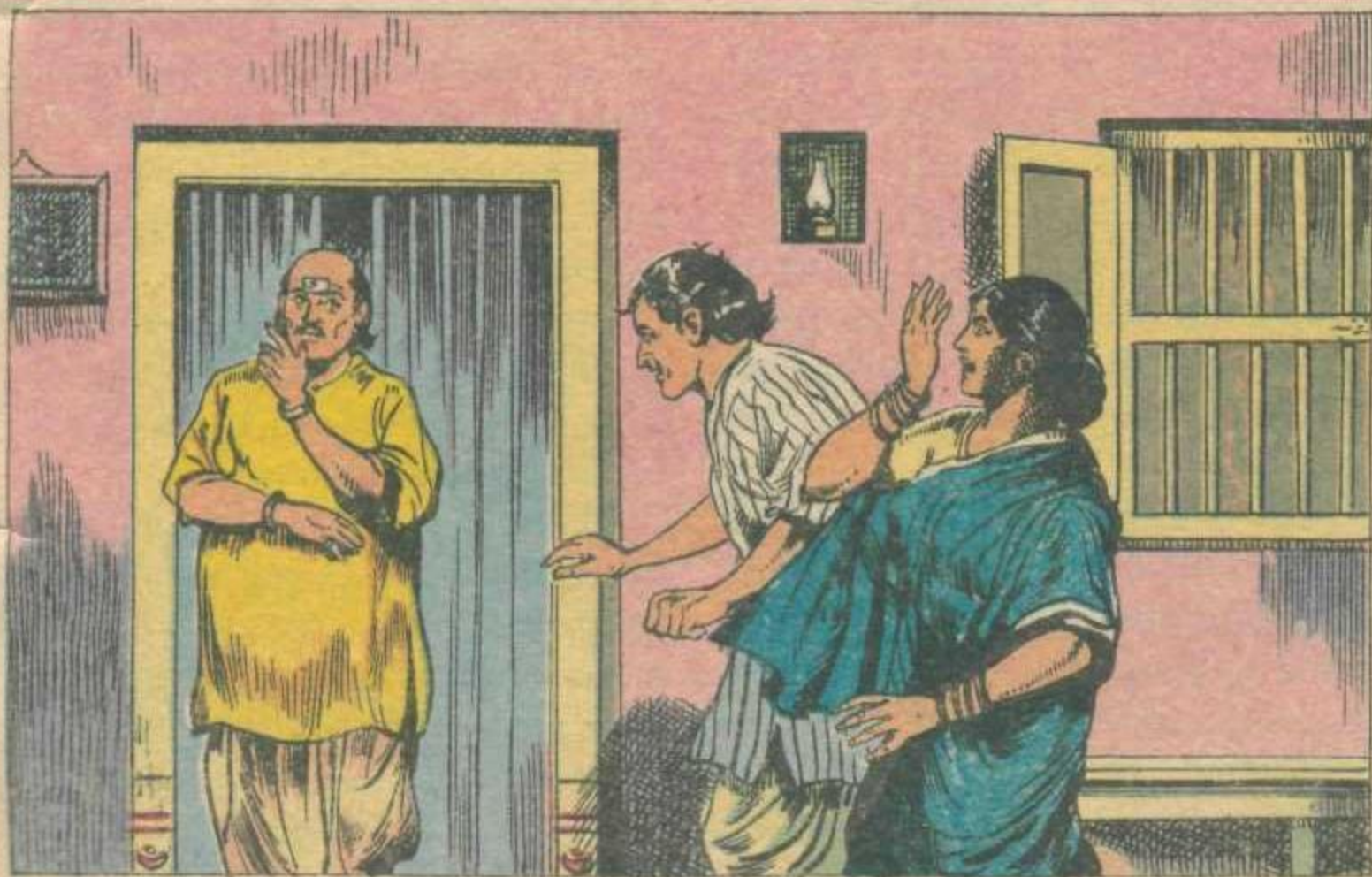
"What kind of a patient are you? Shouldn't you let him eat his sweetmeats?" said the servant.

"What a greedy fellow—this physician!" commented Jay. Just then the physician appeared behind the door. "You must pay me fifteen rupees before I examine the patient," he said.

Jay was taken aback. The physician was known to be kind-hearted. Why is he behaving in such a strange fashion? He always treated the patient first and realised his fee later. Why does he demand money in advance?

Jay ran along the road to find someone from whom he could borrow some money. The road was deserted as most villagers were at the temple for the discourse. However, he saw Prabhakar who was a wealthy young man and who went seldom out without money in his pocket.

"Prabhakar! Can you lend me some money?" he asked.





"I'm sorry, brother, I have no money on me just now," Prabhakar apologised.

"You're a bandit!" commented Jay in anger. Nobody knows what came upon Prabhakar, but he suddenly caught hold of Jay, thrust his hand into Jay's pocket and relieved him of whatever little money he had. Then giving Jay a push and throwing him on the ground, he ran away.

Jay rose from the ground and dusted off his clothes and stood dumbfounded. But there was no time to lose. He decided to lead Lakshmi to the house of another physician, in the next village.

They were passing through a

wasteland when Lakshmi cried out, "I am unable to walk farther!"

"Shut up, you ogress!" screamed Jay who was in a very bad mood. He continued to walk, but Lakshmi's footsteps and breathing began to sound heavier. He looked back. What he saw perplexed and terrified him. Where was Lakshmi? Behind him walked an ogress!

Jay began running. The ogress pursued him. He could not run any longer after a while and fell down near a bush. Suddenly he heard a very sweet voice telling him, "Why are you so scared of your wife? You addressed her as an ogress and so we made her an ogress. That does not mean that she ceases to be your wife! She will continue to live with you and manage the household all right!"

Jay stood up and saw two godly beings standing before him. He greeted them and asked, "Who are you?"

"We are a kind of wandering demi-gods. It is in our nature to fulfil anything one says. We were observing you for some-time past," replied the two luminous beings.

Now Jay realised why Lak-

shmi felt that burning sensation all over her face and why the physician demanded his fee in advance and why Prabhakar forcibly took away his money. It was because he had called Lakshmi 'burnt-faced', the physician greedy and Prabhakar a bandit.

"Be kind to me, O noble spirits! Kindly restore my wife to her former shape. You know, how awkward it is to live with an ogress! I will be very cautious in my utterances in the future!" Jay said with folded hands.

"Let it be so," said the demigods as they disappeared.

Lakshmi was back to her old form. "What happened? Why are we here?" she asked, as if she had just woken up from a sleep.

"I'll tell you all later. Let's return home soon," said Jay quite politely.

Lakshmi was surprised and

delighted to hear him speak so sweetly. They walked back towards their home.

Next day the physician came to their house and whispered to Jay in a penitent voice, "I don't know what came upon me suddenly last night that I was so unkind to you! I am ashamed and I apologise. How is your wife?"

"She is fine. Thank you," said Jay and he assured the physician that he had forgotten the episode. A little later came Prabhakar. Almost in tears, he said, "My friend, I don't know who possessed me last night that I behaved in that strange manner." He returned Jay's money and expressed his regret again and again.

"Never mind that, my brother," said Jay.

Jay was a different man thereafter.



TRAGIC COINCIDENCE

ANTONIO ASCARI, GREATEST ITALIAN RACING DRIVER OF HIS AGE, WAS KILLED IN 1925 AT THE AGE OF 36 WHEN HIS CAR SKIDDED AND CRASHED FOR NO APPARENT REASON. HE HAD NOT BEEN WEARING HIS LUCKY BLUE HELMET... HIS SON, ALBERTO, ALSO A CHAMPION WAS KILLED IN 1955 WHEN HIS CAR SKIDDED AND CRASHED—AGAIN FOR NO APPARENT REASON. LIKE HIS FATHER, HE WAS 36 YEARS OLD, AND HAD NOT BEEN WEARING HIS LUCKY HELMET!



ANTONIO ASCARI



WORLD OF SPORT



TOP SCORER...

SURREY AND ENGLAND CRICKETER JACK HOBBS (1882-1963) SCORED 61,237 RUNS IN HIS CAREER.



CRESTA RUN..

THE 1,325 YDS (1,210M) LONG CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND WAS OPENED IN 1885. SPEEDS OF OVER 85 MPH (136 KM/H) CAN BE ATTAINED.

LONGEST FANGS

THE GABOON VIPER OF WEST AFRICA HAS FANGS WHICH MEASURE $1\frac{3}{4}$ INCHES IN LENGTH.



Moving Mussel



A MUSSEL IS ABLE TO MOVE BY PUSHING OUT A 'FOOT' (REALLY A FLESHY EXTENSION NORMALLY HIDDEN WITHIN THE SHELL). IT THEN PULLS THE REST OF ITS BODY UP TO THE 'FOOT'.

WORLD OF NATURE

A THIRD HAND



THE SPIDER MONKEY OF CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA HAS A PREHENSILE TAIL THAT ACTS LIKE A THIRD HAND. IT HAS A BARE, FLESHY AREA ON THE UNDERSIDE AT THE TIP WHICH ENABLES THE MONKEY TO GRIP BRANCHES.



THE HUNTER AND THE HERMIT

In days gone by close to a forest lived a hunter. He roamed about in the forest in the early half of the day and bagged a deer or two. In the afternoon he sold whatever he had got in the distant market. In that way he maintained his family.

He seldom failed to hit his target. Because he killed animals everyday, the people of the locality called him the 'Killer'.

One day the hunter failed to find any prey although he spent hours in the forest. At last he found a tender fawn. He shot his arrow at it. It fell down wounded. He lifted it to his shoulder and began walking towards his home.

In the forest lived a hermit. At one point the hunter saw that the hermit was following him. Not only that, the hermit nodded and muttered from time to time, "I understand, I understand!"

"What do you understand? With whom are you talking?" asked the hunter.

"The fawn told me something and I responded to it," said the hermit.

The hunter was astonished. "The fawn talked to you, is that so? How is it that I could hear nothing?"

"Should you wish to hear it, you can do so. Put it down," said the hermit.

The hunter put his prey down. The hermit sprinkled a little water on it. The fawn began speaking at once, "My mother will be heart-broken when she would fail to find me!"

The hunter stood speechless. Then he gathered some herbal juice and applied it on the fawn's wound. The fawn got up and ran away. The hunter made no effort to catch it.

"Why did you leave it?" asked the hermit.

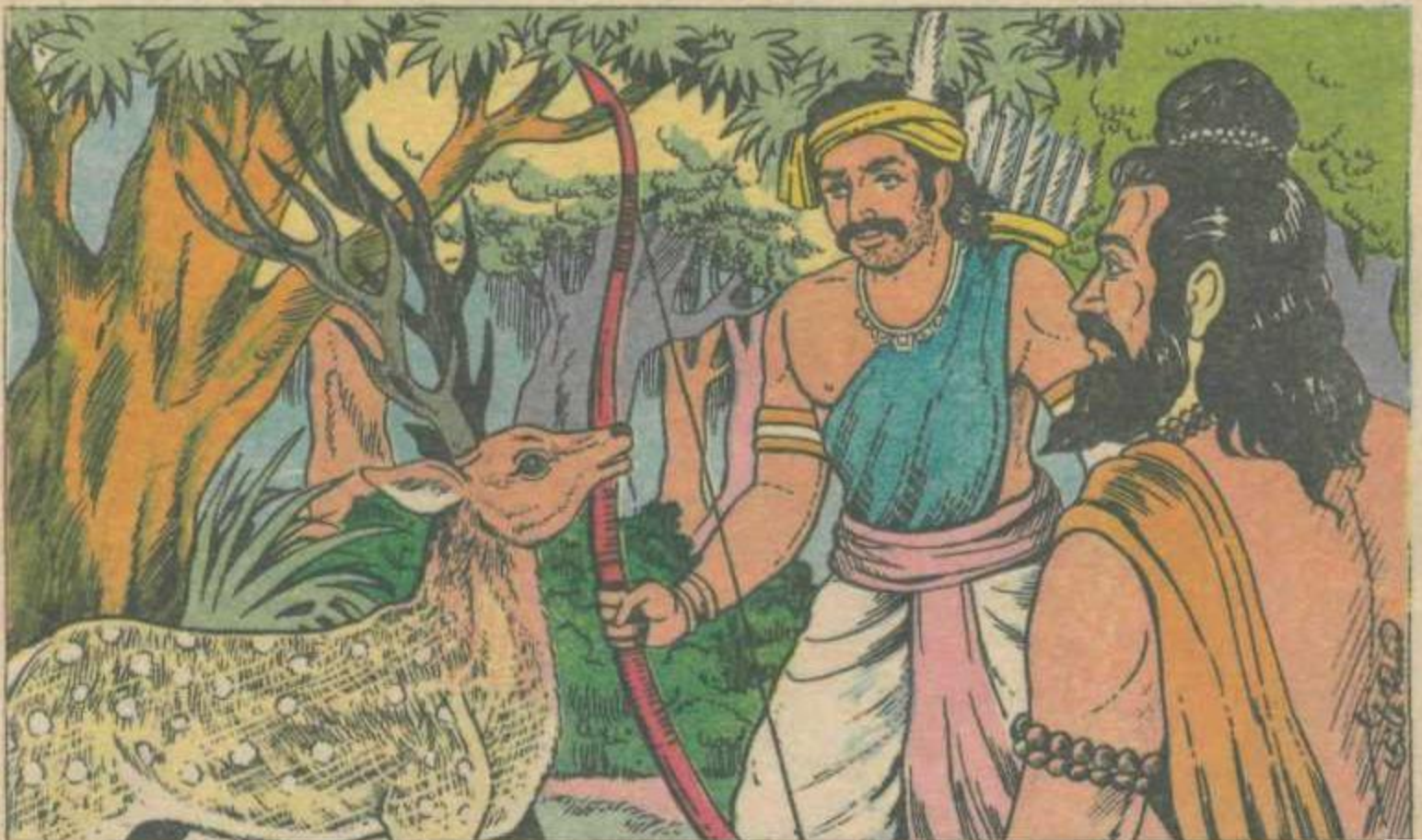
"It reminded me of my own child. If it is lost, how much its mother will weep indeed!" said the hunter. Then, with a sigh,

he said again, "This will result in our not having anything to eat today. Well, we can surely go without food for a day!" He left for home.

Next day the hunter set up a net and caught a handsome deer. While he was on his way home, he met the hermit once again. "Is this deer saying something?" he asked the hermit out of curiosity.

"Lay it on the ground and we will see," said the hermit.

The hunter laid his prey on the ground. The hermit sprinkled a little water on it. Said the deer, "I was fond of this charm-



ing forest. I enjoyed the flowers and fruits and the brooks made by God. Now, all is over. But I have no regrets, for I will be the cause of satisfaction in the hunter's family."

The hunter was moved. "Go away and continue to prance about in the forest!"

The deer disappeared in a bound.

"Sir, we went without food yesterday. Today too it is not going to be any different with us," the hunter told the hermit and he went away.

The hunter was not seen in the forest the next day. The hermit went to his hut and asked him, "Why didn't you come into the forest for hunting?"

"Sir, I am too weak to move about, I felt giddy when I took a

walk. We had nothing to eat for the last two days!" said the hunter.

"Look here," said the hermit, drawing his attention to the milch cows and their calves behind him. "These cows will yield plenty of milk. Sell it in the locality and earn your living. Also, feed your family with milk, curd and butter," he added.

The hunter's voice was choked with joy and gratefulness. The hermit blessed him and went away.

The hunter not only sold the milk for the benefit of his family, but also gave milk free to the needy. The people of the locality forgot his earlier name which was 'Killer'. They gave him another name—'Kind'!



THE DEADLY WEAPON

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, must you toil here at this unearthly hour, leaving the comforts of your wonderful palace. What is it that you are seeking? Will you retain your interest in the thing you are seeking once you get it? There are people who are offered great opportunities, but they give them up. Let me explain my point through an example. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."





The vampire went on: This happened when King Rajendra Dev ruled the kingdom of Malaypuri. A district in the frontier of his kingdom became the haunt of bandits and hooligans. While the rule of law prevailed in all the other areas of the state, the king failed to understand why disturbance should be there only in the frontier.

Soon the truth became known. Beyond the frontier lay the kingdom of Madhugarh. The king of Madhugarh sent hooligans to create disturbance in the frontier of Malaypuri. He coveted the district for a long time. He thought that it will be

easy for him to annex it when there will be chaos in the district.

One afternoon while the king and his minister were discussing the problem, a stranger sought an interview with the king. He introduced himself as an inventor, belonging to the country of Sindhu. "My lord, I've invented a deadly weapon." So saying, the stranger handed over to the king something which looked like a small pipe.

The king, after a look at it, said, "This looks more like a flute than like any deadly weapon!"

"My lord, it is quite deceptive in appearance. If you aim it at someone and press your finger at its bottom, your target, even if it were to be as big a creature as an elephant, shall die. There is a special concentration in it. Each time you press its bottom the poison, like an invisible needle, shoots out at the target. The weapon will work for a hundred times," explained the inventor.

The king was not sure whether to believe him or not and what to say. But the minister hurried to say, "Gentleman, why not leave the weapon with

us? The king will go out on a tour of his kingdom. He will try the weapon at a suitable opportunity. You may come after a week."

The stranger agreed to this.

The king began his brief tour the same day in the afternoon. He camped near a forest, in a small fortress of his, at night. He was to go for hunting the next day. He thought of trying the weapon on some animal in the forest.

He lay in his bed with the weapon by his side. Somehow he was unable to sleep. Suddenly he saw two shadowy figures advancing towards him.

"Who are you?" asked the king.

Instead of answering the king, the intruders took out their daggers. At once the king picked up the new weapon and aimed at the intruders one after the other and pressed its bottom twice. The intruders collapsed on the floor. Some of the king's companions who were in the adjoining rooms came rushing to the spot. To their horror they recognised the dead intruders. Both of them were the king's personal guards. Investigation showed that the two had been bribed by



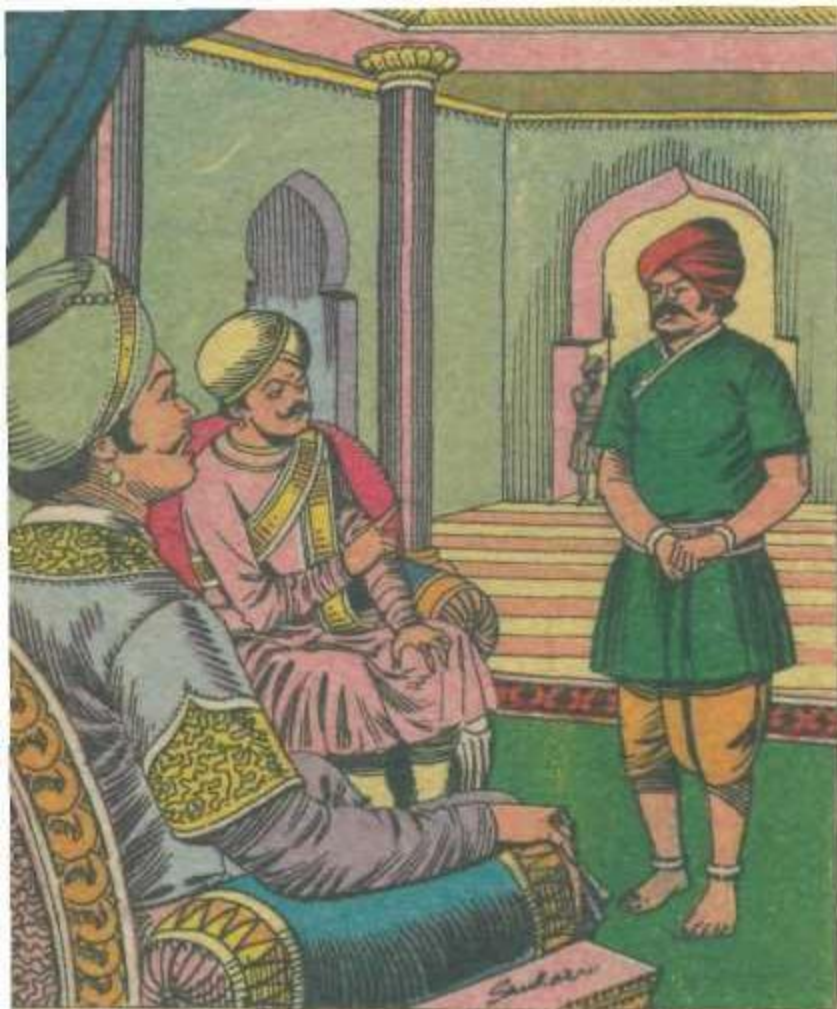
spies from Madhugarh to kill the king.

The king cut short his tour and returned to his capital. He had been much impressed by the power of the weapon. He called the inventor and bestowed a handsome reward on him.

"My lord, I am grateful to you for the reward. But I expect something more from you," said the inventor.

"What is it that you expect?" asked the king.

"My lord, you have seen the power of my weapon. Why not create the necessary facility for me to set up a factory for manufacturing these? If you



have a thousand or two of these weapons, no enemy will ever dare to attack your kingdom," the inventor said.

The king felt quite enthusiastic with the proposal. But before he had said anything, the minister addressed the inventor and asked him, "You come from Sindhu. We know that the king of Sindhu is a wise ruler and a good man. He too has many enemies. Did you put your proposal before him? What was his reaction to it?"

"Minister, Sir, you are correct in your observation that our king is good and wise. I had put the proposal before him. But far from encouraging me in manu-

facturing more such weapons, he advised me to forget my invention," said the inventor.

The minister looked at the king and smiled meaningfully. The king smiled back. Then, looking at the inventor, he said, "Gentleman, it is not necessary for you to manufacture this weapon. I need a man like you to supervise our frontiers. You will be given the position of a minister. I suggest that you accept my offer."

The inventor was overjoyed. He accepted the offer.

Thereafter the king and the minister went to the disturbed area in their kingdom and took stern measures to suppress the mischief done by agents of the enemy. They alerted the citizens to be on their guard. The agents who were caught were severely punished.

The vampire fell silent for a moment. Then he asked King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, will you be able to resolve some of my doubts? The king was already being harassed by the enemy in the frontier. The enemy could have attacked Malaypuri. Had the king allowed the inventor to set up a factory for manufacturing the

deadly weapons, he could have easily tackled his enemies. Instead of taking recourse to such an easy means, why did the king take the trouble of visiting the frontier and supervising the law and order situation himself? Why did he appoint the inventor to a very high post without testing his capacity in that direction? Answer me, O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith replied King Vikram, "Is there any kingdom which does not have enemies? No king can ever dream to live quite safe from conspiracies. The best way to defeat any conspiracy by outside agents is to make the citizens conscious of their duty towards their own land. That is what the king did. So far as the deadly weapons are

concerned, it is all right to use them once in a war and to win a victory. But what after that? The weapons would fall into the hands of the people. They would use it indiscriminately. To settle personal scores, small or big, they would be tempted to use the deadly weapon. That will lead to continuous violence in the land. It was wise of the king and the minister to refuse the inventor's offer to set up a factory. The king employed the inventor to a high position so that he would not go seeking favours with any other king. By giving him a minister's post, the king checked the possibility of his manufacturing the dangerous weapon in another kingdom."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





A folktale from China

THE MAGIC BELL

Long, long ago, in ancient China, there was a rich man who had two sons, Shung and Mung. Shung was clever, but selfish. Mung too was clever, but totally unselfish.

Once the rich man died, Shung got hold of all his father's property and gave Mung nothing. Such was Mung's nature that he never murmured about it. He shifted to a small hut and earned his living by working for the village chieftain.

The chieftain had a beautiful daughter who was very sympathetic towards Mung. She even thought of marrying him, but she knew that her father would not agree to the proposal, for Mung was so poor!

One day Mung was sent to the town to buy some sugar candies for the chieftain's household. It

became night when he returned from the town. He was eager to reach home fast. In order to make a short-cut, he climbed a range of small hills.

Suddenly he slipped and went along a slope down to a hidden valley. The sugar candies were scattered. He heard some giggle. In the moonlight he saw a number of strange creatures collecting the candies and eating them.

"Stop!" someone shouted. "Don't eat all of them. Keep some to be taken after our dinner."

Mung saw that the one to pass this command was a spirit who sported a pair of horns. Obviously he was the leader of the group. The spirits then carried Mung into a cave. Mung pretended to have swooned away.

"Let him lie there. In the morning he can go home," said the horned spirit.

"What dinner should we have?" asked a spirit.

"Ring the bell for sweetened rice, milk, bananas and two curries with assortments of delicious vegetables," said the leader.

The spirits brought out a bell. One of them uttered the items one by one and rang the bell once after every time he named an item. The items began to appear in heaps in front of the spirits. They ate them with great relish. Then they disappeared.

At midnight Mung got up and picked up the bell. Hiding it under his loose garments, he walked away as quickly as he could.

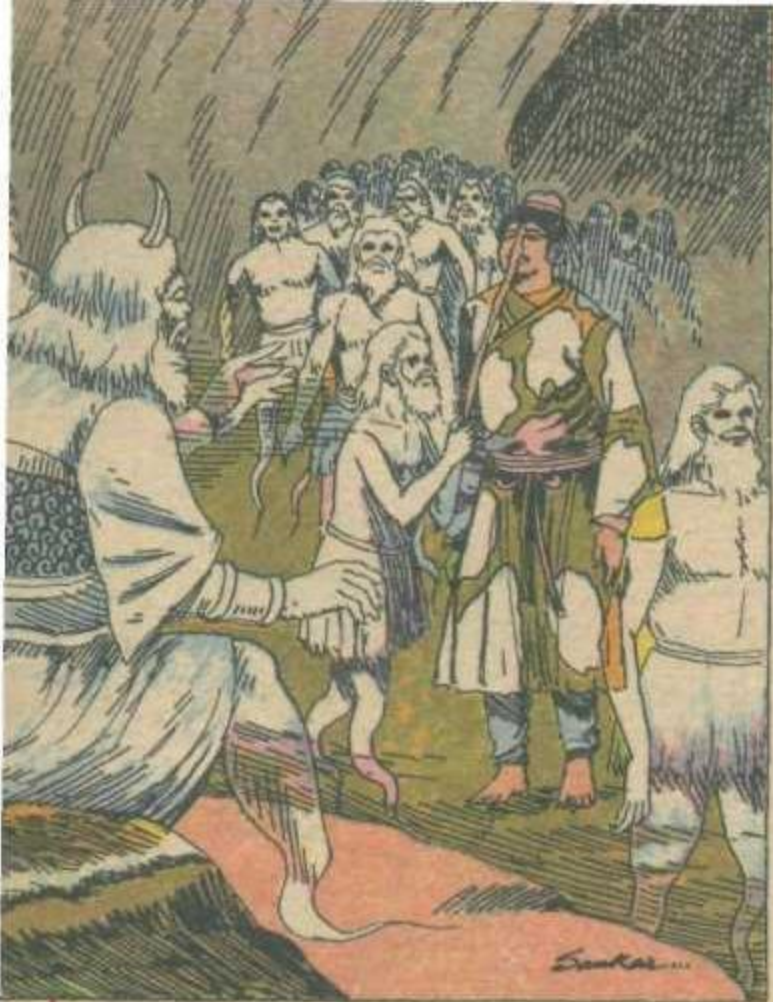
In the morning he reported the loss of sugar candies to the village chieftain, and also told him all about the magic bell. The chieftain could not believe him. But when he produced food by ringing the bell, the chieftain was delighted. Mung was no longer required to work. He was just required to use the bell thrice every day, during breakfast, lunch and dinner.



The chieftain's family ate the most delicious items.

Although the mystery of the bell was not known widely, Shung's wife learnt about it from Mung. She told her husband, "You too should explore the hills. Maybe, you will meet the spirits. They must be having more magic bells or other equally wonderful things. Try to get hold of something."

One night Shung climbed the hills with sugar candies and deliberately fell down a slope. He heard some excited clamouring: "Here comes that fellow once again—the fellow who escaped with our magic bell!"



you. Ask it to shorten your nose as you must be asking it for food!" replied the leader.

Shung ran and ran and reached home very late at night. His wife was eagerly waiting for him.

"What have you brought?" she asked.

"A long nose. Oh, please don't step on it!" he shouted.

Alas, the end of the long nose was lying on the threshold of the house and the lady had stepped on it. She shrieked in horror when she realised what had happened to Shung.

"No use crying. Go to Mung and request him to lend the magic bell to us for a while," said Shung, folding his nose and holding it carefully.

His wife knocked on the village chieftain's house and requested the servants to call Mung.

Mung heard from her all about his brother's predicament and rushed in to fetch the magic bell. The chieftain's daughter had woken up meanwhile. She too heard everything. At once a new idea came to her. She told Mung, "Now it is clear that the bell can grant not only food but other things as well. Before we

Shung remembered that he looked like Mung and that is why the spirits mistook him to be his brother. He tried to tell that he was not Mung. But they did not hear. They led him into their cave and the horned spirit said, "He should be punished. Pull his nose!"

One by one the spirits pulled his nose and his nose began to grow. They let him go when the nose had been several yards long.

"Kindly tell me how my nose will become normal," he pleaded with the leader of the spirits, before leaving the cave.

"You have the magic bell with

hand it over to your sister-in-law, let us try it for some wealth."

The chieftain's daughter told the bell, "Can you give us a million gold ingots?" she then rang the bell.

They had small gold bricks, a million in number, in front of them. They locked the room and then Mung carried the bell to his brother's house.

Shung, with his fantastic nose, looked funny and pitiable. Mung was very sorry to see him. He said, "Let Shung's nose become shorter!" and rang it. The nose became shorter by an inch. Mung repeated his words again and again and rang the bell and every time Shung's nose became shorter by an inch.

Shung's wife grew impatient. "Must the process be so long?

Can't you do it hurriedly?" she shouted. Then, snatching the bell away from Mung's hands, she beat it hard repeatedly, shouting, "Let Shung's nose become smaller—smaller—smaller!"

Because of the force she applied, the bell suddenly cracked and broke. Meanwhile the nose had grown so small that it was hardly there!

"What did you do?" shrieked Shung looking at the mirror. But the bell was gone! They could not ask it to make the nose slightly bigger!

Shung remained like that, to his great anguish. Mung had become the richest man in the kingdom because of the million gold ingots. The chieftain was only too happy to marry his daughter off to him!





FOR WHOM THE MUSIC?

Prasad was very fond of music. He learnt the art of singing from a renowned master and sang in the courtyard of his house every evening. A number of villagers gathered there to hear him.

Prasad was not only a musician, he was a wealthy man too. He helped people who were in need generously.

He was quite young when his wife died rather suddenly. That gave him such a shock that he was unable to sing any more. However, thereafter he became more generous. Anybody who met him and begged of him some help, did not go back empty-handed. No wonder that some people told him false stories of their suffering and exploited him.

But Prasad had lost all interest in his property. He did

not care to verify whether one really needed money or it was just greed. He gave away everything he had. A time came when he was left with nothing excepting his palatial house.

Then people stopped coming to him. Not only that, if he needed any help, people were reluctant to give it to him. He felt disgusted. One day he told his rich neighbour Kumar, "Please look after my building. I am going out on a pilgrimage."

Kumar happily took charge of his house. Prasad left the village and wandered here and there for a year. One day, while resting on the bank of the Ganga, he was filled with a sense of remorse. "What is the use of living this life?" he thought. Then he decided to drown himself in the holy river.

He had just entered the water

when someone caught hold of him. He looked back. A hermit smiled at him. "I know what you were going to do," said the hermit. "It is an insult to God to give up the life which is given to you by Him."

"But I am of no use to anybody!" exclaimed Prasad.

"That does not mean that you should die! Learn to live quietly, peacefully and happily. That will please God. However, if you want to please the people, I will tell you how to do it," said the hermit. He led Prasad into his hut and gave him a flute. "Whoever hears you play this will be happy," said the hermit. "If there is any problem, come to me," he added.

Prasad returned to his village. The villagers were neither happy nor unhappy to see him back. But one man was very unhappy. He was Kumar. Kumar had taken it for granted that Prasad's house had become his. Now that Prasad was back, he felt miserable.

Prasad began playing his flute. People who heard it were charmed. As days passed, more and more people gathered to hear his music. Even people began coming from faraway



places. Prasad grew popular and people respected him.

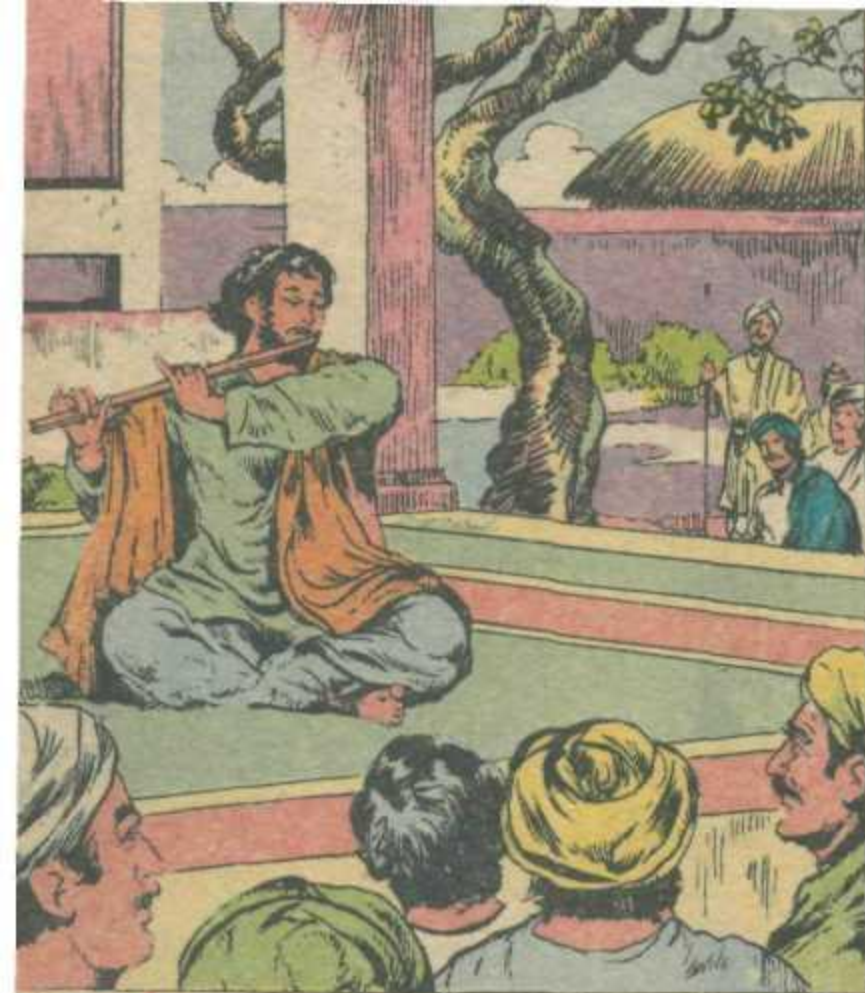
One day, before Prasad started playing his flute, Kumar stood up and said, "Prasad! Our people want to know why you play the flute for them!"

"What do you mean?" asked Prasad, quite puzzled.

"What I mean is very clear. Whatever one does, there is a motive behind it. What is your motive?" asked Kumar.

Prasad could not give an answer immediately. He simply said, "Well, I play my flute because I think I am giving joy to those who are sad, peace to those who are agitated ..."

"Enough, enough!" shouted



Kumar. Then, looking at the crowd, he said, "Did you hear? Prasad thinks you fellows are all unfortunate. Some of you are sad, some are agitated! He alone can give you joy and peace!"

The crowd kept quiet. Prasad stood up and retired into his house. The people dispersed.

In the evening a neighbour met him and said, "Prasad! What Kumar said was utter nonsense. We love your music!"

"But why you all kept quiet when Kumar insulted me?" asked Prasad.

The neighbour had no answer to this. A little later another villager came and said the same

thing. Prasad repeated his question. The villager said, "Well, Kumar is an influential man. He is a money-lender too. The people were afraid of saying anything that would go against his opinion!" the neighbour explained.

Prasad was not satisfied. The same night he left for the hermit's hut on the river Ganga. He told him what had happened and said, "I will no longer play the flute."

"I agree. You should no longer play the flute for satisfying the others. But why should you not play it as an offering to God? Now onwards, forget all else. Play your flute only when you feel like praying. I want your music to be your prayer," said the hermit.

Prasad returned to his village. Kumar was very upset. But what can he do? Now Prasad did not care for anybody's reaction. He played his flute inside his house, in a small shrine, whenever he felt like doing so. People who heard his flute were charmed; they requested him to play the flute in the open courtyard for all, but Prasad refused.

He was in peace with his own music. Those who listened to him got a deep touch of peace.



CLASSIC STORIES OF INDIA

THE GOLDEN ANKLET (4)

(Story so far): Kovalan, the merchant prince of Poompuhar, deserted his wife Kannaki for a while, but returned to her, repentant. The couple set out for Madurai. After a long journey they reached the grand old city.

Wishing to sell a piece from Kannaki's pair of precious anklets, Kovalan went out into the city and showed it to the king's goldsmith. The goldsmith was surprised to see such a costly stuff.



It so happened that an anklet of the queen had been stolen. The goldsmith was a suspect. In order to show his innocence and at the same time to avoid paying Kovalan, the goldsmith reported to the king that he had found out the thief.



The king was tired and in a bad mood. He ordered his guards to put to death the stranger to whom the goldsmith will lead them, if they found in the stranger's possession an anklet resembling a wreath of flowers.

The guards followed the goldsmith and found Kovalan with the anklet. They arrested him and dragged him along through the street. A drunkard among them stabbed him with his sword. Kovalan fell bleeding and died.



Kannaki who was anxiously waiting for her husband, got the news of his death. She was stunned. Then she grew furious. She stepped out into the city, looking wild and crying, "Is there no god? Is there no honest man in this land?"

People of the city were surprised. They gathered around her. Great was her anguish. Listening to her poignant cries, they at once realised that the king had done a great wrong. All were aghast.



At last she confronted the king. She showed to him the remaining piece of her pair of anklets. It contained gems whereas the queen's anklets contained pearls. The king was shocked at realising his blunder. Heart-broken, he fell dead.

Soon the queen appeared on the scene. When she understood all that had happened and realised that the king was no more, she too fell down in a swoon—and died.





Even then Kannaki's wrath did not end. She went around the city three times. She felt that the city where the king could do such injustice had become an abode of evil people. She cursed that the city be reduced to ashes.

Suddenly a great fire engulfed the city. But Kannaki had asked the God of Fire to spare holy men, good men and women, cows, cripples, old men and children. They escaped the great holocaust.



Some blessed people saw Kannaki and Kovalan ascending to heaven seated in a divine chariot. Kannaki is looked upon as a goddess. She lives as an example of the power of the innocent and truthful.

THE END

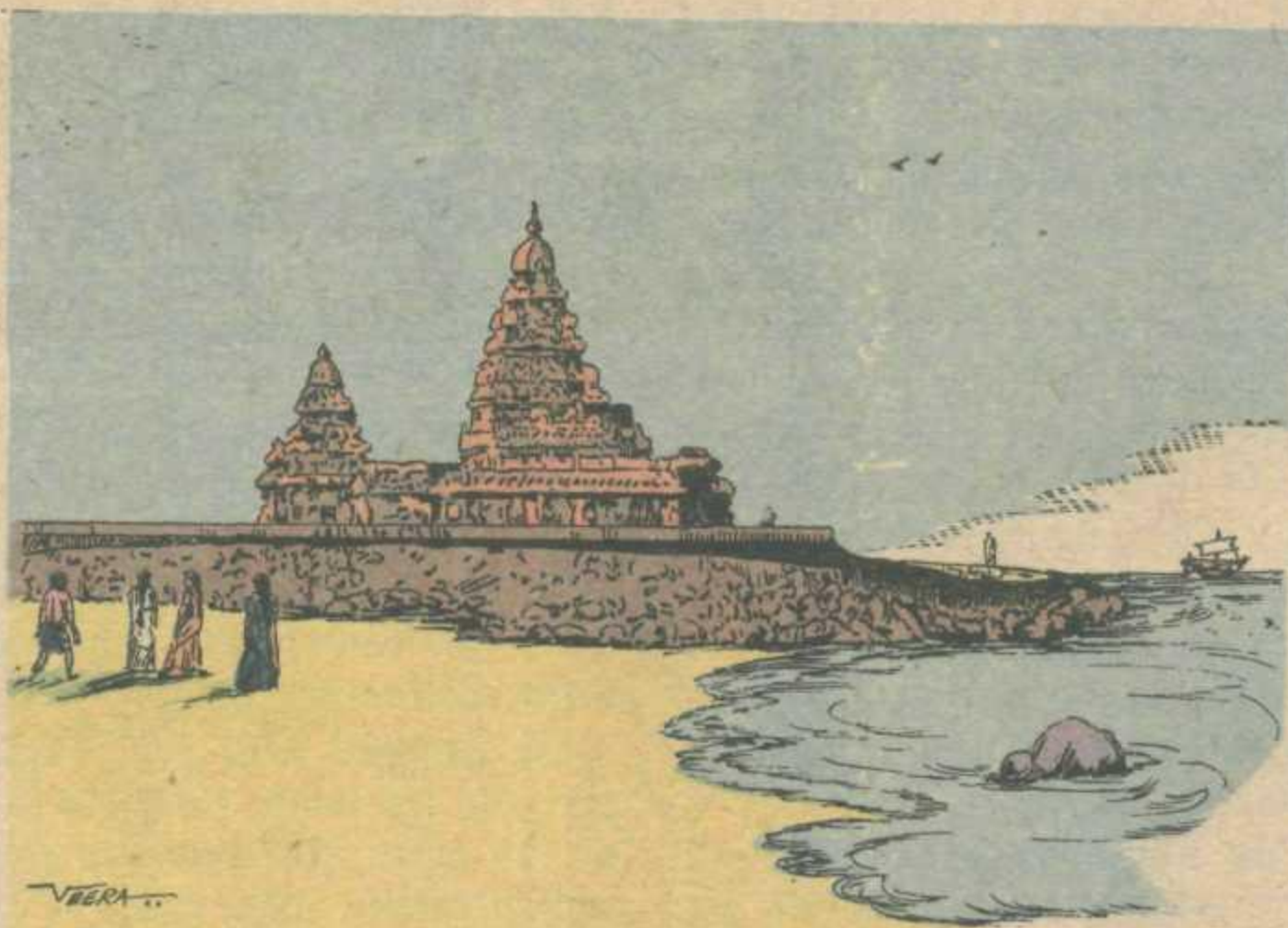
MONUMENTS OF INDIA

THE SHORE TEMPLE AT MAHABALIPURAM

In August 1874, Edward Lear, the famous composer of limericks, was on his way to Mahabalipuram. He felt so bored that he was thinking of going back to Madras, cutting short his visit. But once at Mahabalipuram, his mind completely changed. He found the sculptures there "astonishing, wonderful". He stayed on there for a day more.

The Shore Temple, standing on the brink of the land and often splashed by the waves of the sea, looks beautiful against the blue sky. The Shore Temple, in fact, is a combination of three shrines—two dedicated to Lord Shiva and the third one to Lord Vishnu.

There are several other monuments at Mahabalipuram—all remarkable for their grandeur and antiquity. They are the five shrines resembling chariots, a panel of rock sculpture known as "Arjuna's Penance" among others.





THE LOST LUCK

Bhairav was a young villager. He was poor, but what was worse, he was dumb. A disease in childhood had deprived him of his power of speech.

He had a flock of sheep. He led his sheep to a pasture which was very close to the forest. This he did day after day.

One day he found one of his lambs missing. He began searching for it in the forest. He did not know when he had entered quite deep into the forest. Unfortunately he could not shout for his lost lamb. He could only look for it here and there.

His eyes fell on a cave. Was the lamb hiding inside it? He wondered. To his joy, he heard the bleating of the lamb. He entered the cave.

He found it to be a tunnel rather than a cave. But as he looked into the tunnel, he felt

paralysed with fear. There, at the farthest end of the tunnel was an apparition which Bhairav took to be a ghost. But before long he understood that it was not a ghost, but a skeleton. Perhaps somebody sat there doing some kind of penance and had died in that condition.

Near the skeleton was a jug. Bhairav was awfully thirsty. He saw that there was water in the jug. He drank it up.

"What a satisfaction!" he said. Next moment he was surprised and delighted. How could he speak? He had been dumb for years! No doubt, the water had magic in it.

He jumped with joy. Then, carrying his lamb, he came out of the cave. He observed that somehow his lamb had lost its tail. He said in a murmur,

"What a pity that mine will be the only lamb in the village to be without a tail. I wish, all the lambs in the village lost their tails!"

What a surprise it was to everybody to find out that all the lambs in the village had lost their tails! The villagers began to discuss the strange happening, but nobody had any explanation for it.

Bhairav was not very intelligent, but he was not a complete fool either. He understood that the magic water which gave him the power to speak had also given him a greater power. Whatever he uttered would become true!

Well, he could contain his pride for a full day, but not longer than that. He told one of his friends about his secret power; the friend told his friend and that friend told his friend. Within half a day everybody in the village knew about the strange power of Bhairav.

Next day the village landlord's manager met him privately. "Dear Bhairav, I have something to tell you. Will you please come to my house?"

Bhairav felt very important. He happily followed the mana-



ger. He was sumptuously fed by the manager. Then the manager said, "Dear boy, do me a favour. Just say that the landlord should die! Your word will become true. Then I will become the new landlord!"

"How can I do such a thing?" Bhairav said with horror.

"Then, you become a prisoner in my house!" said the manager. And, true to his threat, he locked up Bhairav in a room.

"Only if this fellow died...I" said Bhairav at midnight, angry with the manager. A little later he heard cries. Someone opened his room and he heard that the manager had suddenly collapsed and died.

Bhairav thought that it was not safe for him to live in that village. He decided to settle down in another village on the other side of the forest. He led his flock and began crossing the forest.

Suddenly a gang of bandits surrounded him. "Don't think that I am an ordinary man. I can bring death to you all!" he shouted. The bandits were amused. They were laughing when a tiger pounced on a sheep of Bhairav.

"Death to you—you tiger!" shouted Bhairav. Lo and behold! The tiger lay dead.

The bandits were so panicky at this that they left Bhairav and

fled. A new idea struck Bhairav. "If I can change my sheep to tigers, no danger will come upon them!" he said and then shouted, looking at his flock, "Become tigers!"

Instantly his sheep became tigers. Bhairav proudly led them through the forest. But as he emerged on the other side, the villagers who saw him with his 'tigers' were terror-stricken. They ran away and some of them reported the matter to the king. The king sent his minister to verify the unusual report. The minister marked that while Bhairav's flock consisted of tigers, instead of roaring, they were bleating!



"Young man! You seem to know magic!" shouted the minister from a safe distance.

"Of course, I know!" said Bhairav. Realising that he was already outside the forest and there was no danger to his flock, he said, "Become sheep!" They became sheep.

The minister came near him and invited him to visit the king's court. Bhairav obliged him. The minister whispered to the king, "This young man has miraculous powers. But he does not seem to be intelligent or wise. If our enemies get him, they will be able to do us great harm. We better give him all the comforts and keep him in our

court."

The king appreciated the advice. Bhairav was made a courtier. He was given a beautiful house to live in. Servants were at his command. Arrangements were made for him to enjoy delicious dishes.

But he felt bored. Soon the sepoy assigned to guard his house became his friend. "Sir, you can do anything you like, can't you? Why don't you propose to marry the princess? She is the king's only child. And you know how beautiful she is. If you marry her, one day you will become the king!"

The idea appealed to Bhairav. He went to the king





and put forth the proposal. The king sat speechless for a moment. He could not displease Bhairav. At the same time it was out of question to agree to his proposal.

"My young friend, we will talk it over. Let's sit for dinner!" said the king. Bhairav joined the king for dinner.

Just as he would begin eating, a question rose in his mind, "Why did the king suddenly decide to entertain him to din-

ner? Is the food safe? Is there no poison mixed with it?

The question terrified him so much that he felt giddy. He feared that he had already consumed poison. "I wish I could go back to my old good days —when I was dumb and without such powers!" He said as he swooned away.

Alas, he had become dumb when he was revived. The king took pity on him and sent him to his village with his flock of sheep and some money.

EXACTLY LIKE THE MAESTRO

Tom : Since yesterday I am playing my flute like the maestro, Chaurasia.

Vivek : How do you say so?

Tom : Till day before yesterday used to whistle a flute which had no holes on its body. Yesterday I bought a flute with holes and I am using my fingers as we see Chaurasia doing.





Butterflies taste their food with their hind legs.

DID YOU KNOW ?



Enid Blyton wrote six hundred stories for children.

DID YOU KNOW ?



Australia is the original home of both bees and rabbits.



While a human being spends one-third of his life in sleep, a cat spends one-third of its life awake.



DID YOU KNOW ?

Mary Queen of Scots became the Queen at the age of six days!



DID YOU KNOW ?

The jeep got its name from General Purpose (Vehicle) or G.P.



WHO HAD MORE LOGIC?

In days gone by there was a king who always acted according to his whims. But he always said that he worked according to logic.

Once he fell ill. The illness continued for a long time. "Whoever can cure me will get a portion of my kingdom. But whoever tries and fails, will lose his head. This is quite logical!"

Two or three physicians tried, but they did not succeed. The king ordered that they should be beheaded.

A physician named Vijay Sharma met the king and said, "My lord, I take up the challenge. If I cannot cure you in a week, you will take my head. But if I cure you, I will take your head!"

"What!" shrieked the king.

"My lord, I am only being logical. If by not curing you I lose my head, why should you not lose your head if you are cured? If you lose your head, in the future the physicians will be safe. This is the second logic. If the physicians are safe, the common people, who are treated by them will be safe. This is the third logic..."

"Enough. Treat me please. I will not take your head, even if you fail," said the king. He also released those physicians who were waiting to lose their heads.





Why was India known as Jambudvipa in ancient times?

—T. J. Rao, Jamshedpur

Both Hindu and Buddhist traditions speak of a vast continent known as Jambudvipa. Since the Himava or Himalaya was situated in this land, it is India. It derived its name from a fabulous tree named Jambu.

The Puranas speak of seven *Dvipas* such as Jambudvipa, Kraunchadvipa, Sakadvipa and Puskaradvipa. It is very difficult to determine the geographical concept of these continents as the ancients had.

Which country did first introduce the postage stamp?

—R. Kartick Kumar, Ahmedabad

Some kind of "stamp", consisting of strips of paper with a printed mark was used by a postal system operating in Paris in 1653. In 1680 William Dockwra introduced a more distinct postage stamp for his London Penny Post Service. The stamp was triangular in shape and it bore these words: "Penny Post Paid"

I came across a different name for the famous painting, *Mona Lisa*. It is *Gioconda*. What does it mean?

—Satish Agarwal, Jeypore

Madame Gioconda was the lady who gave sittings to Leonardo da Vinci for him to draw the great work of art.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

CAACKLING OF GEESE SAVED ROME !

Kusum of Faridabad is a bit intrigued by three proverbs. They are (1) "Cackling of geese saved Rome", (2) "Hunger is the best sauce" and (3) "A penny for your thoughts".

The first proverb is a variation of "Geese save the Capitol". Capitol was the house on a hill where the Roman Assembly met. Once the Gauls (as the inhabitants of ancient France were known) tried to invade Rome. Some of them crawled up to the Capitol so noiselessly that the Roman guards could not know about their movement. The enemy captain climbed to the top of the house. Just then some geese, left there in the compound of the temple of Jupiter, began to cackle. That woke up the Roman garrison. Marcus Manlius rushed to the rampart and threw the enemy captain down the precipice. This happened in the 4th century B.C. For many years the Romans carried a golden goose to the temple in a procession in annual commemoration of the event.

Sauce is meant to help you relish your food. But you cannot really relish any food, however tasteful, if you are not hungry. Is the meaning of the saying clear now?

When someone tells you "A penny for your thoughts!" he or she is asking you, "What are you thinking so deeply about?" or "Tell me what you are thinking about."

Satish Agarwal of Jeypore would like to know the difference between *continuous* and *continual*.

Continuous refers to some thing that happens without interruption. "It rained continuously for a full day." *Continual* pertains to repeated occurrence of something, at short or long intervals. "The city was rocked by minor earthquakes continually over a period of two years."



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Pranlal K. Patel



D.N. Shinde

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for August '88 goes to:-

Sadhana Baliga,
"SADHANA", 604-3rd Cross, Hanumanthanagar,
Bangalore-560 019.

The Winning Entry:-

"Life's Dreary Way " & "Dancers' In Rhythmic Sway "

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Many individuals have, like uncut diamonds, shining qualities beneath a rough exterior.

—Juvenal.

In quarrelling, the truth is always lost.

—Syrus.

It is not every question that deserves an answer.

—Syrus.

No share prices,
no political fortunes, yet...

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Dear Reader,

While it is always a joy for us to bring to you stories and features and adventures in ideas, it is not at all a pleasant task for us to speak to you about any increase in the price of the magazine. In fact we withstand all provocations to alter the price of our publications as long as we can. You cannot be unaware of the stiff rise in the price of paper, but what worsens the situation is a simultaneous rise in the cost of the whole process of printing and production.

We are obliged to revise the price of Chandamama from November '88. It will now cost Rs.3.00 per copy.

But now we have something pleasant to announce. We are arranging to present to you a bonanza, a new supplement to the magazine month after month that will surprise you and delight you - the result of a very well-researched work on our part. Watch for it.

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